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BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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1794. 1889.
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AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
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COMMENCED BUSINESS
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Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

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"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

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which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, and anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

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For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

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To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock

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When you want posters printed call at this office.

MY FAN.

I have a friend, a little friend,
Who lives upon a fan;
Perhaps he is a woman,
Perhaps she is a man.

Her clothes they are so very queer,
So very queer, in sooth,
I sometimes call him "Lovely Maid,"
And sometimes "Gentle Youth!"

His hair is combed back smooth and straight
Above her pretty face;
Her looks are full of friendliness,
His attitude of grace.

And every morning when I wake,
And every eve sing, too,
She greets me with his pleasant smile,
And friendly "How-d'ye-do?"

She wonders why I lie in bed,
He thinks my wisest plan
Would be to come and live with her
Upon a paper fan.

But that, alas! may never be!
And so I never can
Know whether he's a woman,
Or whether she's a man.
—Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.

THE FATAL KISS.

A Fortunate Mistake, and Every Body Happy.

When par come down from the ten o'clock that mornin' we was all in the back porch.

I was churnin' to one side, where the Wash'ngton bower shades the sun, and Sis was tracin' some pilier shams, with two owls a-blinkin' at one 'nother, an' "good night" writ erbove. Them ain't like common owls, what wakes up when dark comes.

Par turned the coller stoop for the side steps, an' Sis throwed down every thing, an' says she:

"Par, where's my mail?"

Henry Cabell was balancing hisself on the porch rail whittlin', an' I seen par's eyes twinkle as they looked that way, but I give him a warnin' an' says he:

"Two letters fur you, Irene, a package o' chicken powders fur you, Pamely, an' the papers."

Sis opened one letter.

"A card of acceptance from the Century-old Magazine," says she, "an' laws, ma!" as she read the nex' one, "May Meverill will be merried the 10th!"

"Them's too many merrys fur me," says I. "Read the papers."

I'm fond o' hearin' 'bout the murders an' hangin's an' things o' sole interest that goes on in the world.

Par was readin' the News Carrier, an' Sis took up ernother paper, an' says she:

"Mar, just listen at this item from a traveler:

"'Durin' my sojourn in California I visited many of the old ruined missions. In the graveyard of one the priest pointed to a section beyond some olive trees and said: "All in that row were of one family, and they were each in turn kissed by a ghost before they died."'"

(I think them's the verbatim words.)

Said Henry Cabell, when Sis hed finished: "Allow me to have the paper, Miss Irene," an' I seen him read that fool thing over twice an' laff a little to hisself as he handed it back.

"Well," says I, "kissin' must be scase in California if ghosts is a-takin' it up."

Then I whirled the dasher roun', fur the butter hed come, an' thought no more erbout it.

That evenin' 'twas gettin' sorter 'tween lights, when Sis went to the milkin'-gap over by the old Injin burying ground.

I hed jes' doubled the yaller dorkin's chickens to the black bantam's coop an' counted thirteen turkeys as they flew up to roost, when here come Sis a-runnin', her face whiter'n a sperrit's an' her eyes shinin' like stars, an' says she:

"O mar! I've seen a ghost slidin' up against the fence rail, an' I've had a token I'm goin' to die!"

"Nonsense!" said I, "you ain't seen nothin' but Jersey white, that's missed comin' to the cuppen now fur three nights."

"O no, no indeed, mar!" cried she, "an' O! when I started to run it kissed me plum in the face."

"Then 'twern't no soul but Henry Cabell," says I. "Land knows you've played him fast an' loose long enough; it's no wonder he wants to get even. Besides," says I, when I seen she looked cut erbout Henry, "he's goin' away to-morrer, an' he knows he'd never get to kiss you 'good-by' no other way."

"But, mar," says Sis, a-shiverin', "them lips was cold and clammy, an' I smelled a smell not of this earth."

"Pooh," said I, "you smelt nothin' but Henry's cigar; an' any lips would be clammy with the night air comin' on."

It warn't no use talkin' to Sis.

"I've had a warnin'," she repeated, sinkin' on a cheer as we entered the house, and claspin' her hands in anguish. "Life's sorrows will soon be o'er; leave me to solitude, mar, an' let me write these thoughts."

"O yes," says I, "you shell."

So I filled up the ink bottle out o' her Paris stone jug and got the big blank book an' sot 'em before her.

Then I put on Sis' long circular (me an' Sis is 'bout one size) an' tied on her beaded fascinator, an' thought I'd jes' step over to Mis' Cabell's an' see if I could come up with that Henry Cabell an' his foolishness.

The way it all happened 'bout Sis an' him was more'n a year back, when the Cabells first moved to our neighborhood.

Judge Tolliver's old estate was ordered by the court to be sold, because it was covered by so many mor'gages (an', land knows, it weren't covered by much else), an' it was bought by Colonel Cabell, Henry's par.

The Colonel settled here by the Blue Ridge mountains fur his health, an' a mighty nice ole gentleman he was; pale an' eristocratic.

The family was very friendly with us from the first, ef we couldn't count ourself no further back than great-grandfather somebody, who paid fifty-five V's fur great-grandmother an' started his geology tree that away.

By the time I hed helped 'em make a kittle o' soft soap an' two kittles o' apple butter, me an' Mis' Cabell was fast friends.

Henry Cabell 'peared to be a well-mannered young man; sarcastic, mebbe, an' a little over perlite; but I never said nothin'. The only son an' rich, he'd as much right to be proud as the nex' one.

Money kin work mighty fast. It soon turned the old Tolliver house upside down with verandy's an' bay windows. It fenced in the big plantation an' altered things eroun' till, ef the ole judge could a-rose from under the cherry tree in the garden, he'd thought he took on more'n common at the court-house; an' they do say that wern't no little.

Sis was at school in Richmond all this time, an' of course knowed nothin' 'bout the new neighbors but what we writ.

She was studyin' hard to graduate, an' did. Kerried off all the prizes, an' the laws knows how much money ertong with 'em; an' mighty proud we all was.

Her par ain't noted to hev as much sense as me; but a child wouldn't a gone on the way he did the day Sis got home from school, with her diplomer framed in a case wide as the planny top, an' a flower garden o' commencement bo'quets tied with white ribbin. Henry Cabell was to the depot that day. A glint come in his eye an' his mouth drawed up for a whistle when Sis got offen the train; but I give him a sideglance, an' up he steps an' says:

"Present me to your fair daughter."

Sis' brown eyes was a-sparklin', an' she did look powerful fine in her new cloth travelin' dress an' wide-brimmed hat rolled orbove them yaller curls an' rosy cheeks.

I interduced Henry, an' Sis give him a short bow, as of handsome young men hed a-lined the railroad from Richmond to the Blue Ridge tunnel, an' she was jes' a little tired lookin' 'em over.

Well, it commenced from that day. Miss Cabell said Sis was a beauty—a airy, fairy suthin' nother; an' the Colonel let on like she was a queen, with his chivalous manners. Sis has got a mighty takin' way with her, an' she was sweet as pie to all but Henry.

Him she were perlite to, an' she wern't no more.

She hedn't been home no time 'fore folks seemed to take the heft o' the whole business 'bout her an' Henry on theirselves. What with sayin' "'twould be a fine thing to make such a grand match," an' "so convenient, jinin' land," an' all such talk, I mistrusted (knowin' how highty-tighty Sis was) fur a neighbor to come nigh the house.

Henry got his spankin' new double team an' asked Sis to go with him to the big meetin' at Tinklin Spring church a-Sunday.

Sis' new laylac silk come from the town dress-maker's a-Saturday, an' the reods an' all set better an' hed more room in a phayton then in our carryall, so she excepted of Henry's invite.

Henry's horses was slow for bloods, as par said, fur me'n him got to church first.

When they arriv', however, a dashin' lookin' couple they was. Nothin' ou that church green helt a taller candle to the sun by 'em.

Isetty Green was nigh the kerridge block when Henry driv roun' with a flourish, an' says she to Myra Brown: "Sis sets up there like she hed a deed o' trust on them horses an' the driver."

"She do," says Myra, "but I reckon Colonel Cabell 'll go higher'n a miller's daughter fur his son."

Sis heard it, an' the spots in her white lace vail showed out like polka-dot pink calliker 'gainst her face, as she an' Henry passed to the church door.

After that she turned the cold shoulder to Henry an' kep' it turned, an' things went on worse an' worse between 'em.

She pearten'd up sometimes very gay, a-drivin' with the young boardin' gentlemen from the Mountain Top, an' singin' love duets. Then she'd go off in the sulks, an' be a-writin' poetry, till I more'n suspicioned there was a rose in the canker.

As fur Henry, he got mighty pale. Times he'd spruce up an' drive by scornfuller'n a Congressman; an' next day mebbe he'd come over an' hang roun' mecker'n a candidate votin' day. I hedn't no patience with Sis' uppish ways, and I wern't a bit s'prised when Henry gave out all at once that he was goin' travelin' West.

Then Mis' Cabell she turned cold to Sis' an' looked reproachful-like at me (though, land sakes, I hedn't done nothin' to her), an' we was all miserable together.

Things was this way, an' I was studyin' it over as I went on slow down the lane the evenin' I lef' Sis a-writin'.

'Twas what I call "blind man's hollerday," but the post folks call "twilight deepenin' into dusk."

Though misty in the gloamin', the bigger stars was a-shinin' like far-off lights on a dark sea. Way off the mountain ranges loomed against the fadin' sky, with here an' ther' a lofty peak in the dim prospective.

High between Doby's Mountain an' Bald Knob, wher' the tunnel cuts its way through, a train o' lighted cars was a-windin' erlong the dark mountain side, like a fiery serpent glidin' in its hole.

As I said, I was jes' enjoyin' the peaceful scene, an' not a-thinkin' nor a-fearin' 'bout ghosts, when suddenlike a great tall thing in a whitey suthin' riz right up in front o' me, an', clappin' its two long arms eroun', give me a cold an' clammy kiss.

I shrieked an' scratched an' give it a bitin' kiss back, an' then I planked it one blow an' a klek thet laid it a-sprawlin' on the ground.

(I'm mighty tough an' strong ef I get excited, an' par keeps me carm on that ercount.)

Then I hollered murder three times an' run back to our house.

When I throwed open the door ther' was Sis, with her hair flyin' roun' her face like a oriole; an' says she, 'fore I could open my mouth:

"'Mar," says she, "I've wrote it, an' I've called it 'The Fatal Kiss.'"

"Yes," says I, "right you bev; an' I'm the fatal one as give the kiss, fur I b'leeve I've kilt somebody, a-lyin' outen the road. Wher's the lantern?"

We went back quick, an' who should be layin' ther', wrapped in his long overcoat (one of them dudy things they wears now), with the light side turned out, an' his mar's white ruby eroun' his head, but Henry McVeigh Cabell! Part of his mustache clawed out an' his face all bloody wher' I scratched it.

Sis got down on her knees an' lifted his head onto her bosom, an' says she, cryin' like her heart would break:

"O my Henry McVeigh," says she, "air you dead? Hev you been betrayed by a kiss?" (an' she a-kissin' of him all the time).

It's to my opinion Henry Cabell was in thet stooper a leetle longer'n necessary; but finally he opened them big black eyes o' his'n, an' Miss Sis was caught in her own trap, an' glad I was.

I knowed jes' how it happened. Henry seen me comin' long in that young gal cloak an' fascernater, an' he sklotook it was Sis.

Ef one kiss was fatal, two couldn't hurt nohow, so he jes' played ghost agin.

Well, I laffed, as I would of it hed o' been the Governor hisself; an' Sis—she wilt like a feather, an' looked roun' to run.

But 'twern't no use, fur the hollerin' brought the Colonel an' the servants out from the Cabell mansion an' par an' Tobey Kurtz from our barn, where they was feedin', an' a purty sight we all was.

We went back to our house, an' it was some time before Henry got fixed up an' every thing explained.

Sis' high-flyin' ways was gone. She blushed enough in one night for the whole eighteen years, an' Henry McVeigh helt on to her like he were brimful o' fatal kisses an' ready to bestow 'em any minit.

The old Colonel looked powerful pleased. He rubbed his hands an' spread out his long white fingers like they were pinions o' peace a-hoverin', an' says he:

"This is a fine *contra tong*, my dear madame, to a most unpleasant condition of affairs."

"Yes, Colonel," says I, "but korntrary is the general natur o' love, you know."

Mis' Cabell come over the nex' mornin'; an' I do say it, thet fur a high caste an' a tip-top lady, she's got as fine feelin's as any woman I ever saw.

She embraced Sis an' said: "Bless you, my child; you are welcome to our hearts," as she kissed her on the furrud; an' she an' Sis hed a real nice, effectin' scene. But that I was busy thinkin' wouldn't it be better to order the supper all ready, I'd a-cried too.

(I've got a mighty tender heart, par says, when I ain't a thinkin' 'bout other things.)

Sis is all we've got. She'll have the mill place an' the Hanna tract an' the big survey, an' I don't see as Henry Cabell is a-comin' down so, an' hinted as much.

"No, no," says Mis' Cabell, "pray don't think we harbored such a thought. Irene's beauty an' interlec' will fit her fur any pessition; besides," she went on, as a big tear rolled offen her nose, "our child's happiness is of predomernatin' importance."

Consultin' orbout the trossow, Sis told her par "she raly could not particularize; he'd hev to give her *cart blanche*," or suthin'; but to my notion a four-horse team won't more'n hold the luggage of she an' Mis' Cabell gits the half they talk erbout fur the bridal tower.

Henry says he believes in ghosts. And of all ghosts' kisses comes to such bliss as his'n, he advises a more extensive acquaintance with sperrits than people in general keers to hev.

Sis is so took up with other things she ain't writin' much poetry now, an' I reckon two or three years'll likely cure Sis o' that foolishness anyhow.

It was a legend full of horrer,
Told by a priest of San Barbarrer,
But while you thrill with fear an' start,
Hev you no ghost within your heart?
Is there no memory of a time
You falsely listened to love's rhyme?
No trystin' place you'd better missed,
Than know you hev the wrong one kissed?
—Ida B. Hays, in Detroit Free Press.

A Sewing-Machine Man's Talk.

There has been a wonderful change in the business methods of sewing-machine dealers within the past decade, and that the change is for the better goes almost without the saying. There was a time when the sewing-machine agent and the lightning-rod man were looked upon as land pirates and their approach regarded with genuine dread. The only way to get rid of the sewing-machine agent of auld lang syne was to give him an order. The majority of agents worked on commission, and they must sell or starve. Nowadays, the business is conducted much upon the same plan as that of the wholesale grocer or dry-goods dealer. Regular traveling men are employed, paid salary and expenses, and they sell machines to those who want them, and not to those who do not, but purchase to get rid of a bore. Some of the best commercial men in the country are now engaged in the sewing-machine business, and the dignity added by the adoption of business-like methods is rapidly putting that branch of trade in the front rank as a desirable occupation.

—Football is one of the latest fads among the girls in New York fashionable life. What a shaking of the earth there will be when it gets far west enough for a match between St. Louis and Chicago.—Washington Post.

ABOUT HAY-FEVER.

According to Most Recent Opinion It Is a Nervous Affection.

"What are the causes, nature, prevention and cure for hay-fever? What places are exempt from it? What are the latest opinions of the medical professiog respecting this disease?"

The most recent opinion is that it is a neurosis, of an affection of the nerves, a peculiar susceptibility of certain nerves, terminating in the mucous membrane, to irritation from the pollen of various plants.

It is only about seventy years since it was first described under the name of summer catarrh. It prevails much more extensively in some countries than in others, being twice as common in England as elsewhere, and much less common at the South and in Canada than in our Northern States. It is a rare disease west of the Mississippi.

Its seat is the mucous membrane of the nostrils, eyes, pharynx, larynx and bronchial tubes. It sometimes assumes an asthmatic form, and hence has been called hay-asthma. The susceptibility to it is often inherited.

Although it is caused by pollen, yet the inhabitants of rural districts are less liable to it than visitors from the city. In this respect it is like other diseases. Yellow-fever, for instance, is most likely to attack those who come from abroad into the infected locality.

It is called hay-fever, but the pollen of many different plants may give rise to it. It prevails from May to August. All patients are not susceptible to the pollen of the same plant. That of the grasses is perhaps the most potent. June is most prolific of pollen-grains. Eight hundred a day have been collected on a glass less than half an inch square. Rains often wash the atmosphere nearly clear of them.

To be sure of escaping the annual attack, one must remove to a region at a distance from the offending vegetation, say to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, Mount Mansfield in Vermont, the Adirondacks in New York, to extended grazing regions, to the seaside where the prevailing wind is from the ocean, or to densely inhabited cities, with few parks and open spaces. Respirators are a help.

The general system needs to be fortified, say by shower-baths and tonic medicines, and the local irritation should be allayed under the advice of a physician. Each attack increases the susceptibility, and frequently recurring attacks may lead to deafness, as the Eustachian tube generally shares in the irritation.—Youth's Companion.

LEGEND OF MARCOLINI.

A Curious Venetian Custom That Keeps Alive a Poor Lover's Fate.

In the courts of Venice a curious custom has been observed for five hundred years. When the Council of Ten, a body of men acting as a jury, brings in a sentence of death, before the presiding Judge puts on the black cap the venerable crier advances and cries three times in a loud voice, "Recordatevi del povera Marcolini." Near the grand landing place of the gondolas are the columns of Saint Mark and Saint Theodore. Nearly all the people passing the grand landing place pass around the columns. Only foreigners and strangers pass between the two slender pillars. It is the ancient place of execution, and there Marcolini met his death.

Many years ago Marcolini, a young Venetian noble, paid court to the beautiful Giulietta, whose family occupied a palace on the same square. One night as the dial on the clock tower marked the early morning hour he was returning home from a visit to his inamorata, softly singing in the exuberance of his spirits, for he had been accepted, and the parents of his fiancee had given consent to their nuptials. Passing across a small campo he picked up an embroidered belt, with an empty jeweled scabbard, and fastening the girdle around him, he continued his course, still humming his tune. When he came to the steps of the Rialto he was seized by the guard and accused of murder. He was taken to the spot where Senator Rinaldi lay dead with a dagger in his heart. It was found that the stiletto exactly fitted the sheath which Marcolini carried. He was speedily tried, condemned and beheaded. Giulietta went mad and was confined on the little island devoted to the insane.

Many years after a bandit on his death-bed confessed to a priest that he had been hired to murder the Senator. The sentence against Marcolini was reversed and his confiscated estates were restored to his family. But poor Giulietta's reason could not be restored by an edict of law. When the judge who condemned Marcolini came to die he provided in his will that a mass should be sung every night forever in a chapel of the ducal church, St. Mark's, for the soul of Marcolini and others who had suffered from unjust judgments. Such is the story of the Twilight Mass and the words of the court crier: "Remember poor Marcolini." Every night the bell is rung and a ray of light is seen to issue from the little Gothic window that looks upon the ancient place of execution.—N. Y. Star.

Mr. Billus' Apology

Mr. Billus was standing up in a street-car, holding tightly to a strap. The car gave a sudden lurch, he lunged forward, and an exclamation of pain came from the lips of the lady sitting next to Mrs. Billus.

"If you didn't keep your great, big hoofs sticking out so carelessly I wouldn't stumble over them," growled Mr. Billus. "When a woman hasn't any more sense—I beg your pardon sincerely, madam. I thought it was my wife's foot I stepped on."—Chicago Tribune.

—A Lover's Stratagem—"How is it you always take your intended to the railway station?" "Because we can there kiss undisturbed, and the folks think we are merely saying good-bye."

WHY?

"O mamma! Why do the raindrops fall?
And why do the wee stars shine?"
I can't explain you the reasons all—
You're little yet, baby mine.

"But why am I little, dear mamma, say?
And why can't you explain to me
The things I ask you 'bout ev'y day?
O mamma! do please tell me."

God made you little, my darling pet,
You haven't had time to grow;
Your little brain can not compass yet
What we older people know.

"Why didn't He make me bigger, ma?
What for did He make me small?
And why ain't you just as big as pa?
I do want to know it all."

Ah! baby darling, there is no end;
The Whys run on forever;
And we at the answers or where they tend
We never shall know, no, never!

Till free from watching, from strain or tear,
Tired eyelids cease to quiver,
And earth-dimmed eyes grow strangely clear
When bathed in the crystal river.

For every Why brings a Why in train,
Each one gives place to another—
And oft as the clew to one we gain,
We are called to meet its brother.

Have patience! the time will come for sight,
It draweth daily nearer;
Hi! workish good, night brendils light,
The darker brings the clearer.

Wait but in Faith—God knows the Why,
And though with toil and sorrow
And doubt and pain our hearts He try—
We, too, shall know, to-morrow.
—Isabella C. Rhoades, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE ERNST MURDER.

How the Assassins Paid the Penalty of Carelessness.

A Sleeping Listener—Inspector Byrnes' Story of a Famous Capture—Value of the Police System of Shadowing Suspicious Characters.

The most important element, perhaps, of all executive business is system. In detective work, while complete success can not be attained without cleverness, shrewdness and keen ability to put one and another thing together to arrive at a correct result, but poor returns would come from these qualities, however faithfully applied, without the advantage of proceeding along certain definite lines that have been previously arranged in systematic order. It is herein that the efforts of private detectives seldom can compare with those of a thoroughly organized public force. The individual worker may stir about with all the caution, energy and shrewdness in the world, and sometimes may accomplish surprising results, but as a rule he will find himself defeated from lack of general knowledge about criminals that is not in his way to learn, that no one can learn unless he acts as the head of a large force, every member of which reports to him frequently what he has discovered. The individual is hampered because he can not draw on the information of many others like himself. The public detective, besides his own knowledge, may avail himself of a vast deal that others have acquired, and best of all he works under a system developed from the observations of long experience.

The success of the New York Detective Bureau is very largely due to unceasing adherence to a plan of surveillance. It keeps the force busy all the time, for we do not propose, if we can help it, to let any thief get the start of us by committing a crime. It is our purpose to prevent crimes. Now, in a great city like New York there are more men and women with evil propensities and tendencies to criminal life than forty men can keep constantly in view. The situation is further complicated and rendered difficult by the constant influx of criminals from other cities and countries. Very few crimes are committed in these days by the professional thieves of ten years ago. They have learned their lesson and either keep themselves straight or go to Europe.

It is the new men, fresh arrivals and youngsters, that keep the criminal calendar full and bother the detectives; nevertheless the new comers are discovered with a promptness that would probably surprise the public, unacquainted as it is with the most approved methods of detective work.

The importance of getting acquainted with incoming criminals is too great and too evident to need any exposition at this time. The way it is accomplished may be interesting. It is not my purpose to romance on this subject. I intend rather to show how the system of surveillance employed by this bureau effected the capture of the right parties within three days after the murder was committed. Let me say first that one of the two guilty men had never committed a crime before so far as can be ascertained from the records of the department. The other was almost equally unknown to the police.

It was but a few weeks before the murder of Mrs. Ernst that one of my men reported to me that a stranger had been noticed associating with people whom he knew to be professional criminals. According to the usual plan, orders were given that this stranger should be watched and every thing possible learned about his past. It was readily discovered and reported that he was Henry B. Chamberlain, alias Frank Clark, a New Haven thief. Among the men whose acquaintance he cultivated was James B. Taylor, a young saloon-keeper of this city. Both men were constantly watched, but no reports of their movements of great consequence were made until, one Monday evening, one of my men shadowed them to the Grand Central depot. He saw them buy tickets for New Haven and board the train. There our surveillance had to stop. If they had contemplated crime within the city they would never have accomplished it, for our man would have been with them at every stage of the game, and would have checked them at the proper moment. Under the circumstances, however, all he could do was to report to headquarters that they had left town for New Haven. A memorandum to that effect was filed for future reference.

Tuesday evening's paper contained accounts of the finding of Mrs. Ernst's body and of the total lack of any incriminating clew. Our suspicions were directed at once to Chamberlain and Taylor. Men were sent out to learn when they came home. It was found that they were in the city at half-past two o'clock Tuesday morning. Chamberlain spent money freely the rest of that night and during Tuesday.

To make the story brief and straightforward I will say that they went to Mrs. Ernst's house in New Haven, where Chamberlain was well acquainted, saw the neighbor talking with the unfortunate woman at the back door, waited until she had gone away, and then approached and knocked. On the pretense that they brought a message from somebody they gained admission, and the murder and robbery quickly followed. I do not think it necessary to enter into the shocking details of the crime, which was unusually brutal. When they left the house they went directly to the depot and took a late train for New York. Arriving here, Chamberlain set about establishing an alibi.

"We must be seen by a good many people," he said to Taylor.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 7, 1889.

GOVERNOR BEAVER has vetoed the bill increasing the salaries of Judges.

EDITOR SHUBERT of the Johnstown *Press* is reported among the lost in the Johnstown disaster.

DOCTORS Davison, Jones and Griffith, of this place, went to Johnstown on Saturday morning and at once went to work, their services being invaluable at that time, as they were the first outside physicians to arrive in the ruined city.

EBENSBURG has not had any mail service east of Tyrone or west of Johnstown since last Friday. On Saturday night the mail saved at East Conemaugh was brought overland to this place and shipped east as far as Altoona. One pouch had a few letters for Ebensburg which were taken out and left in the post office.

ONE of the saddest accidents of the Johnstown flood was the death of District Attorney Harry G. Rose, who was crushed to death in his home. He was a kind and courteous official, and an able lawyer and his early taking off will be deeply deplored not only by the members of the bar, but by a large number of friends who admired him for the many good qualities of his mind and heart.

THE people of Johnstown, are said to have plenty of provisions, for the present and for some time to come, but are sadly in need of clothing of all kinds. Under clothing is needed and should be sent at once. A great many people escaped with nothing but what they had on, and some of that was torn from their backs by debris in the water. Persons who can contribute clothing should do so at once.

THE Democratic primaries which were to have been held on Saturday last, were postponed by that awful visitation of Providence, the Johnstown flood. Elections were held in ten districts where the news of the flood had not reached and on Monday Deputy Chairman H. J. Hopple, took charge of the returns which were brought in. A meeting of the County Committee will have to be called at some time in the future, and a new election provided for.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* building was badly damaged by the flood but the presses and type will not be a total loss. The *Democrat* was in the second story of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad depot building, which is still standing, and the material of the *Democrat* office is said to have sustained but little injury. During the past week both papers have been sadly missed and we hope it may be but a short time until they rise from the ruin more vigorous than ever.

AMONG the passengers who escaped from the cars at East Conemaugh on Friday last, were the wife and daughter of Lige Halford, President Harrison's private secretary. Mrs. Halford and daughter passed through Ebensburg on Sunday, on their way East expecting to take the cars at Altoona, but finding that all communication was cut off eastward returned to Ebensburg on Wednesday took a carriage for Blairsville and will go back to Washington by way of Pittsburg and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

THE people of Ebensburg and vicinity can point with pride to the alertness with which her people responded to the call of charity in sending aid to the sufferers. When our people heard of the calamity that had befallen our sister town, they at once took steps to send aid. A meeting of citizens was held on Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, at the Court House, with Hon. R. L. Johnstown as chairman and George C. K. Zahm, Esq., as secretary. On motion the chairman appointed Alvin Evans, C. T. Roberts, A. Strittmater, A. V. Barker, George Huntley, C. J. Blair, John Lloyd and Daniel J. Davis, as a committee to solicit aid for the Johnstown sufferers. At one o'clock the first wagon load was packed and on the road and five other wagons were loaded and followed in the afternoon. Ebensburg's contributions were the first that reached the suffering people of Johnstown, and the good work has been kept up ever since.

ON Tuesday Colonel James B. Scott of the Pittsburg Chamber Commerce was chosen to take command of the local government at Johnstown and every thing is now being done systematically. The removing of the debris and cleaning up the streets is being done by Messrs. Booth and Flynn, a firm of contractors from Pittsburg, who are employing all the men they can obtain and are putting them to work, paying then $2.00 per day. Over 1,000 men were put to work, nearly all from Pittsburg and her suburbs. Posters are up calling for two thousand laborers and men from all parts of the country are invited to either go to work or leave the town. The wreck at the stone bridge is being removed, but owing to the difficulty of getting at it the work is necessarily slow. Dynamite cartridges are used for the purpose of loosening up the debris but large charges cannot be used. Bureaus of information are being established at different points where the applicants can be directed to relief quarters, workmen sent to the proper authorities to hire them, and relatives directed to where they can see the bodies of the dead. The bodies are embalmed and placed in the coffins, are registered and numbered and when unknown are numbered with a description. It is proposed and will be done where practicable to photograph the remains, the picture, number and description to be kept where they can be examined by those looking for relatives. A dispatch from Governor Beaver has been received bringing the information that there was already over $250,000 subscribed in his hands available for present needs.

A Terrible Calamity.

Johnstown Nearly All Destroyed by a Flood.

The South Fork Reservoir Breaks on Friday Afternoon and the Water Carries Death and Destruction to South Fork, Mineral Point, East Conemaugh, Franklin, Woodvale, Conemaugh Borough, Cambria City and Johnstown.

Thousands of People Homeless and Destitute.

About 10,000 Lives Lost in the Great Catastrophe.

Devils in Human Shape Mutilating and Robbing the Dead. —They are Arrested.

The Loss of Property is Estimated at $75,000,000.

One of the most frightful calamities that ever happened in this country or perhaps in the world visited the inhabitants of the Conemaugh valley on last Friday afternoon and left a barren waste where a few hours before dwelt a happy and prosperous people.

So near home, our own county where relatives and friends residing in the flooded district are to be found in every family, the news of the terrible flood spread rapidly and with faces that blanched with fear as every new arrival brought worse news, our people were wild with excitement. Telegraph communication was entirely cut off and on Saturday morning every team in Ebensburg, was on the road loaded with people hurrying to the scene of the disaster, eager and anxious, alternating between hope and fear to learn of the fate of relatives and friends.

Johnstown, as is well-known, is located in a flat between the hills where the Little Conemaugh and the Stony creek came together. Her people were accustomed to floods and when on last Friday the rivers overflowed their banks and the water began to rise and run into the lower stories of their houses, they viewed it as a misfortune that they had encountered heretofore and bravely set to work to rescue their goods and valuables by taking them to the upper stories of their business places and dwelling houses.

The flood itself would have caused a great loss in damaged property and goods but the loss of life would have been little if any. But up in Croyle township, on the South Fork of the Conemaugh, about two miles above the town of South Fork, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was an immense reservoir, originally built by the State of Pennsylvania, as a feeder to the Western canal, but sold by the State when the canal was abandoned. The breast of this dam was about three hundred yards across and backed the water back for about two and a half miles, and covered a surface of about six hundred acres. This dam broke in June 1862 causing considerable damage, but the break was a gradual one and the water did not go off all at once. After the break the reservoir laid empty for a number of years, furnishing rich pasturage for the cattle and flocks of the farmers in that vicinity.

The land after passing through several hands finally became vested in the Western Game and Fish Association, who rebuilt the reservoir, stocked it with fish and kept it as a pleasure resort. It was a constant menace to the people of Johnstown and at every flood they were in dread of it.

It had stood however, for a number of years without any signs of giving way and the people below had finally come to believe it was secure. This was the case on Friday; the flood at Johnstown had reached its height, and some say was falling or at least was not increasing when about three o'clock the reservoir broke.

Down the narrow mountain gorge this vast aggregation of water rushed, carrying destruction and annihilation on its way. The largest forest trees were but as twigs in its path. Trees, rocks, bridges, houses and everything in its path were swept away.

At the town of South Fork where the water struck the Conemaugh half of the town, all on the lower side of the stream is gone and large boulders and and rocks which were carried down the mountain side by the torrent are lying on the ground the foundations of the houses completely obliterated. Thirty-four houses are gone including the Argyle coal company's store and a planing mill. A freight train was crossing the iron railroad bridge at the time the torrent struck the bridge; the locomotive had reached the east side and the engineer and fireman escaped, but the bridge and cars with two brakemen, were carried off in the flood. The bodies of Thomas Henderson, Thomas Kelin, Howard Shaffer and Michael Mann, all drowned at South Fork, have been recovered.

The viaduct, a splendid piece of masonry built by the State, for the Portage railroad and used ever since by the Pennsylvania, that had stood the floods of fifty years without any signs of being impaired, and but for this would have stood for centuries, went like dust before the torrent.

At Mineral Point only three or four houses are standing on the side of the hill to mark the spot of that thriving village. Thirty houses and eighteen lives, were the sacrifice demanded by the flood from that little town.

At East Conemaugh, the round house with twenty-eight engines is gone, not a brick remaining to mark the spot where the round house stood. A number of engines are lying around in every imaginable shape and position, some of them nearly buried in the sand. All the hotels and business houses on the street facing the railroad are gone and the surface is covered over with sand as smooth as if no buildings had ever stood there. At Franklin, across the river from East Conemaugh, the houses that stood next to the river are all gone.

At Woodvale, the only buildings standing are the flour mill and a portion of the woolen mill. Every house in the town is gone, and with the exception of the two houses mentioned there is nothing left to show that a town had ever been there.

At Conemaugh borough and Johnstown the scene is indescribable. Nothing like it has ever occurred in this country. Where the Gautier works and long rows of dwelling houses and business blocks stood on Friday morning, was a scene of ruin and desolation on Saturday From one thousand to fifteen hundred houses have been swept away as if they had never been. On Main street from end to end the street is covered with debris, in some places as high as the roofs of the houses. From the woolen mill at Woodvale, to the bridge, a distance of probably two miles, a strip of territory nearly a half mile in width has been swept clean. Not a stick of timber or one brick on top of another being left to tell the story. It is the most complete wreck that imagination could portray.

In Millville and Cambria city, the destruction is even worse. Standing at the depot in Johnstown and looking down where once stood rows of houses and business places, the first building to be seen is the Millville school house. Every other building between it and the station is gone. While at the stone bridge that spans the river, below the station ruins of buildings, trunks of trees, debris of every description including the bodies of men, women, children and animals are packed in against the piers forming a dam that backed the water all over the streets of the main portion of Johnstown. A number of houses, including the Mansion house that stood near the Conemaugh in Johnstown are now found over in Kernville, across the Stonycreek, being carried down by the flood to where the water was dammed by the railroad bridge, which caused a swirl and carried them with their living freight up the Stonycreek into Kernville, where a number were rescued.

At the bridge the wreckage is on fire and hundreds of human bodies will be burned beyond all hope of recognition.

INCIDENTS OF THE FLOOD.

James M. Walters, Esq., spent the night in Alma Hall and relates a thrilling story. One of the most curious occurrences of the whole disaster was how Mr. Walters got to the hall. He has his office on the second floor. His home is at 135 Walnut street. He says he was in the house with his family when the water struck his and carried it away. Mr. Walters's family drifted on a raft in one direction. He passed down several streets in another until he came to the hall, his dwelling struck that edifice and he was thrown into his own office.

About 200 persons had taken refuge in the hall and were on the second, third and fourth stories. The men held a meeting and drew up some rules which all were bound to respect. Mr. Walters was chosen president, Rev. Beale was put in charge of the first floor, and Doctor Matthews of the fourth floor.

No lights were allowed and the whole night was spent in darkness. The sick were cared for. The weaker women and children had the best accommodations while others had to wait. The scenes were most agonizing; heart-rendering shrieks, sobs and moans pierced the gloomy darkness. The crying of children mingled with the suppressed sobs of the women. Under the guardianship of the men all took more hope. No one slept during all the long, dark night. Many knelt for hours in prayer, their supplications mingling with the roar of the waters and the shrieks of the dying in the surrounding houses. In all this misery two women gave premature birth of children Doctor Matthews is a hero—several of his ribs were crushed by falling timber and his pains were most severe, yet through all he attended the sick. When two women in a house across the street shouted for help he, with two other brave young men, climbed across the drift and ministered to their wants. No one died during the night, but women and children surrendered their lives on the succeeding day as a result of terror and fatigue. Miss Ross Young, one of the young ladies in the hall, was frightfully cut and bruised. Mrs Young had a leg broken. All of Mr. Walter's family were saved.

On Sunday afternoon a spring wagon came slowly from the ruins in what was once Cambria. In it, on a board and covered by a muddy cloth were the remains of Editor Schubert, of the Johnstown *Free Press* (German). Editor Schubert was one of the most popular and well-known Germans in the city. Thursday he had sent his three sons to Conemaugh borough, and Friday afternoon he and his wife and six other children called at Mr. Gribble's residence. They noticed the rise of water, but not until the flood from the burst dam washed the city did they anticipate danger. All fled from the first to the second floor. Then as the water rose, they went to the attic and Mr. Schubert hastily prepared a raft upon which all embarked. Just as the raft reached the bridge a heavy piece of timber raised the raft and swept the editor beneath the surface. The raft then glided through and all the rest were rescued.

Mr. Schubert's remains were found on Sunday afternoon beneath a pile of broken timbers and his coffin carried to his widow and children at the house of a friend in Morreliville.

The following was found written on a new door taken from the Ohio river at Bridge water: "My time has come; have been in the water fourteen hours and cannot stand the angry waves any longer. I give up all hope. Saw my children all go down. Good-bye to all. John Morrill, Cambria."

The bodies of John Fitzharris Sr., and Christ Fitzharris and family were recovered on Tuesday morning. Among the persons known to be saved are Will Luther, Charles Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zimmerman, and George J. Akers and wife.

Some of the men who are working the hardest are the Catholic priests and the Protestant ministers. They are working night and day. Among the priests on the scene are Bishop Phelan, Father Boyle, of Gallitzin; Father Smith of Ebensburg; Father O'Connell, of St. Peters, Allegheny; Father Molyeux, of St. Paul's, Pittsburg; Father Darien, of Cambria City, who lost over $30,000 in property and furniture; Father Lambing and a host of others. Among the Protestant ministers is Rev. Beales, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Johnstown, and about a score of others. Their efforts for the relief of the suffering are unremitting and they are doing a good work.

A mare belonging to the proprietor of the Hulbert House was standing on the street in front of the house when the flood came and strange to say was found alive near the same spot on Sunday.

Mrs. Moore an old lady aged 65 years was found on Tuesday on the roof of the houses still alive but terribly exhausted. She was carried to Kernville where her daughter was overjoyed to find her alive. Mrs. Moores house had been swept from its foundation and was floating down stream when it struck the building from which she was rescued and Mrs. Moore was thrown in some manner, she could not tell how upon the roof. She had been without food or drink up until the time of her rescue.

Mr. Thomas Gore, wife and two daughters, who lived on Second street, Johnstown, were chased up to the attic by the water, which forced off the roof. The quartette got on the roof and floated down to the houses packed against the railroad bridge. They walked over the debris to Market street, where they were pulled up the hill with ropes. While floating down to the bridge they picked up four other people. Mr. Gore is 78 years of age.

Henry Roberts lost one child a babe, 2 months old. He had in his house a Newfoundland dog, which was near the child when the fatal flood struck the house. The dog seemingly realized the situation about as soon as any one, and caught the little child and started to swim for land. The faithful animal held on to the child with a death grip. The force of the waters washed the dog and child against a large school house, where they were held until the water began to abate, and as soon as the animal could he swam to the hillside with the babe in his mouth and delivered the dead infant, which was drowned, to some people who were there.

A peculiar incident of the flood was the case of a 14-year old boy, the son of a saloon keeper. When the crash came the boy seized a little 1-month-old baby and was whirled away in the torrent of water. All the other members of the family were lost, but to the astonishment of every one the boy and baby were found on Saturday morning on the roof of one of the mills below the bridge at the Cambria iron works, alive and well.

H. L. Duncan's family were all saved. They had a narrow escape, and Mrs. Miller, his daughter was only saved by the aid of her little 6-year-old daughter, who saw her mother in the water and caught her by the hair and held her head above water until Mr. Duncan got near enough to drag her out upon the roof of the house from which they escaped.

HOW THE RESERVOIR BROKE.

The Altoona *Mirror* on Tuesday publishes the following: "D. J. Neff, Esq., of this city, heard the follow story of the bursting of the reservoir near South Fork from Colonel Unger, formerly of the Mountain House, Cresson, and more recently proprietor of the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburg. Mr. Unger said: "My hotel is about two and a half miles from South Fork, and in the immediate vicinity of the reservoir. A day or so ago I sent word to Robert Pitcairn, Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division, to come with several of his friends to my resort and I would entertain them. Fishing and hunting would be the bill of fare. That same night the heavy rains came and the next morning I went to my hotel, near the reservoir, to fix things up in general. I saw that the reservoir was rapidly rising and immediately set to work to strengthen its banks. (This was on Friday). The rains continued, and the water was rapidly rising and getting the better of me, and I saw that a break was inevitable. I immediately sent a messenger in all haste on horseback to warn the inhabitants of the danger, and to lose no time whatever in telegraphing Johnstown of the danger which was sure to come.

"The South Fork people on hearing the alarm immediately dropped everything and fled for their lives for the hills, and so were saved. Scarcely had they been warned and in safe places, when with a mighty roar which cannot be described, the bank broke and the water shot forth like from the mouth of a cannon. It completely swept everything with it and took houses as if they were mere chips. The course was between the two hills, thereby preventing a spread, but gaining more strength and force every inch it went. I don't know if Johnstown ever got the message or not. Have not seen my messenger since. No lives in South Fork were lost, but all the property and houses between the two hills was completely swept away, and no trace of a town is left. Don't know if my guests got word and are on their way or not."

A Passenger's Experience.

Mrs. M. J. Blaidsdell, of Pelican Rapids, Minnesota, was a passenger on first section of day express, caught in the avalanche of waters at Conemaugh last Friday. She had written an account of her experience to send to her friends at home, but, as there is no mail connection west, she furnished a copy for publication in the Altoona *Tribune* which we republish.

"It is impossible to picture to you the horror of this great calamity. I am at present in an extreme nervous state from the fact that I have just escaped with my life, The shock to my nervous system is such that many days will elapse before it will pass away. As I was one of the last on the train saved, I owe my life, under the providence of God, to a noble, manly brakeman. His name is Frank Brady.

"Had we known from the shrill blasts of the locomotive whistle that disaster was coming, we would have at once understood the signal and instantly sought safty in flight to higher ground. On hearing the whistle, some immediatery rushed off the train; others waited, I among the number. It was raining hard, and not being well, did not wish to get wet if it could be avoided. We had a mark on a window on a house and were watching the rise and fall of the water as shown by this mark. I put on my cap and just fixed it when I saw that the car was fast emptying of its passengers. I grasped my little satchel, leaving my large one on the car floors; but as I cast my eye on the marker on the window I saw the waters had reached nearly to the top of the house.

"I rushed out of the car, and as I reached the platform, a poor cripple on crutches stood there trying to get off. It was a critical moment with me, and I saw that unless I passed him speedily I would be lost in the flood. Oh, God! I could not push him over to save myself. Anticipating my dilemma, he threw himself back and fell to the ground. I said, 'God help you, my friend.' I shall never, never forget that look in his eyes. Home and everything dear seemed to be centered there. Some one came to his rescue, but I flew around the end of the other trains that stood alongside, right in the face of the angry flood. I came to a ditch, jumping right into it without considering its depth or risking the chances of getting across it. I was out of breath and fell exhausted. I got up again when the brakeman came to my rescue, and took hold of me. I fell again, completely exhausted. He helped me out on the firm ground, and I went on more dead than alive. The spray from the avalanche of waters was all over me, and I was as wet as a drowned rat. The water in the ditch was waist high; my clothes were very heavy, and in my fainting and frightened condition I realized on reaching the safe ground what an extremely narrow escape I had from being drowned. Those who witnessed my desperate struggles for life were sure I could not succeed.

"The poor crippled man had a friend who took him in his arms and carried him some distance; but the vast roaring, tumbling cataract of waters rushed down upon them and he was compelled to drop his precious burden and escape for his life. He was behind me and as I was not a rod ahead of the flood his danger was great. I saw him Saturday morning, he having sought me out. I learned that the dead body of this poor crippled man had been recovered. I hope this may be so; but there is so much excitement prevailing everywhere that we hear everything; but of one thing he assured that this calamity is one that cannot be exagerated. The whole truth will never be known.

"I stopped in Conemaugh with the foreman of the round house. He says Johnstown with its suburbs is a place of 30,000 inhabitants, and thinks the loss of life will reach 15,000 in the track of the flood. A friend told him that he saw the young ladies that were carried away by the flood. They locked themselves in each other's embrace and then cast themselves into the boiling, seething waters. He said that he might have saved them if they had remained on their frail support. I cannot picture to you the horror of the moment. It was the most frightful sight I ever saw. Hotels and houses riding down on the crest of the flood; people all over the houses and cars; the screams of women and children, and whole streets of houses rushing madly down upon Woodvale and Johnstown. The noise of the roaring and rushing waters rings in my ears even now. A part of three streets are gone, and the round house and its store of locomotives, the tower, the large company boarding house, the stores—all but two—present a scene of desolation rarely witnessed. I cried to God for help in the midst of the destruction and I believe He sent that brave and manly brakeman to my rescue. Oh, can words express the terrible sin of such a death trap as that reservoir! There is much indignation among the people over such criminal neglect."

Fiends at Work.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 2.

The lowest passions of depraved humanity are exhibiting themselves in nearly every section of the scene of horror. About 10 o'clock this morning an old lady came up to a number of men who were scattered along the railroad about a quarter of a mile below Kernville and told a story of indescribable misery and suffering. She had lost her son and daughter-in-law, who were her only means of support. She had tramped in mud and slush from Johnstown to a point on the Conemaugh, five miles below, in search of her dead. About a half mile below Kernville she noticed two men stooping over a dead body, who from their mysterious actions aroused her suspicion. As she approached them they walked away, and when she reached the body found it to be that of her daughter-in-law. There was not a trinket on her person. The thieves had stolen them. She begged the gentlemen first mentioned to put a stop to the terrible deeds of what she called devils in human form.

In less than five minutes, a party of seven men, one with a revolver in his hand, another with a rope over his shoulders and the remainder carrying clubs and other weapons, were seen running down the south shore of the Conemaugh river. Within ten minutes they had overtaken the scoundrels they were seeking, whom they greeted with a leveled revolver an order:

"Hands up! or we'll blow your heads off!"

The dastards obeyed with hesitation. Their pockets were then searched, and as they were relieved of pieces of jewelry of every description, they pleaded for mercy, which might have been granted them, had not the last handful of trinkets taken from their person been accompanied by the whole lower portion of a woman's ear, hung with a diamond, and the little finger of a child, encircled with a small gold ring, when a shout of indignation went up, and in a moment the air was full of cries of:

"Lynch them!" "Lynch the scoundrels." They were quick to carry out their words, and in the twinkling of an eye the two villians were dangling from the limbs of a tree. In twelve minutes the ropes were cut, their bodies lowered and carried to a secluded spot in the mountain above. If homicide were ever justifiable, it was certainly so in this case, and although every influence was exerted by those participating in it to keep it secret, it has carried terror to the hearts of many whose depredations during the gray dawn of the early morning was a menace to the valley of death and a

Continued on Third Page.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 AND 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored Silks, a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veilings, colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in all styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels and Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different styles, Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hamburg Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT

$350,000 Worth of Men's Clothing!

Or more than shown by all other Pittsburgh stores combined, comprising all the best and most popular styles of Suits, light Overcoats, Pants, hot weather garments, &c., must be sold forthwith. Prices no object, as we must have the money without fail. This is the greatest Clothing Sale on record. Dealers supplied as well as consumers. Come personally, or order by mail.

KAUFMANNS'

5th Ave. & Smithfield St. Pittsburg.

MONSTER $1,000,000 SALE!

$250,000 WORTH of BOYS' CLOTHING!

The largest stock shown by any firm in America, to be ruthlessly sacrificed without delay. Parents, it will pay you to attend this sale, though you live 100 miles from Pittsburgh. Boys' Long-Pant Suits, Boys' Short-Pant Suits, Kilt Suits, Odd Pants, Waists, &c., embracing all the new and pretty spring and summer styles, have been cut down to less than 50c on the dollar. Mail orders filled.

KAUFMANNS, 5th Ave. & Smithfield St., Pittsburg.

$175,000 worth of HATS & FURNISHINGS

For Men, Boys and Children, to be closed out as rapidly as possible for $100,000 in cash. We must raise the money, no matter what the loss may be. Make our adversity your opportunity. Derbys, Silk Hats, Straw Hats, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Neckwear — all will be slaughtered at about half price. This is the boss chance to buy.

$225,000 Worth of Shoes and Cloaks!

To be immediately turned into cash regardless of consequences. Profits have been lost sight of at this sale. We are glad to realize half the money we paid for the goods. If you are wise, you will lay in Shoe supplies for several years for yourself and family at this sale. Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, Jackets and Jerseys, and Children's Dresses for nearly nothing.

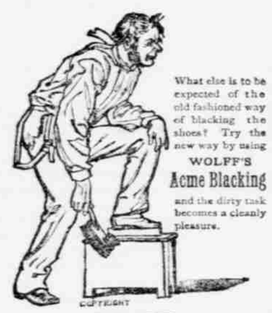
DONALD E. DUFTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PENN'A. Office in Colonnade Row.

H. H. MYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. Office on Centre street, [illegible]

M. D. KITTELL, Attorney-at-Law, EBENSBURG, PA. Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

Sweat-Groan-Growl.



What else is to be expected of the old fashioned way of blacking the shoes? Try the new way by using WOLFF'S Acme Blacking and the dirty task becomes a cleanly pleasure.

Wolff's ACME Blacking REQUIRES NO BRUSH.

Sheds Water or Snow. Shoes can be washed clean, requiring dressing only once a Week for men, once a Month for women. It is also an Elegant Harness Dressing. WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia

Assignee's Sale OF CLOTHING!

March, the Clothier, next door to the Postoffice, Altoona, Pa., has made an assignment of Stock to the undersigned. The entire Stock consists of

$25,000.00

worth of New and Fresh Goods. Men's and Boys' Furnishiug Goods is now offerered for sale Appraiser's figures.

If you want to get a Bargain do not fail to attend this sale.

H. H. HERR, Assignee.

m17sw4t

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have purchased from James Swinehart, of Clearfield township, the following personal property, to wit: 1 bay mare with colt, 1 brown mare, 1 two-horse wagon, 2 sets of work harness, 1 Oliver plow, 1 harrow, 1 shovel plow, 2 sets of spreaders, 1 double tree, 1 set of single trees, 1 cutting box, buggy and harness, 4 milch cows, 2 yearling calves, 2 spring calves, 14 head of sheep, and all household and kitchen furniture. All persons are hereby notified to not interfere or meddle with the same.

MARTHA JANE SWINEHART.

Clearfield twp., May 31, 1879.-3t.

HIGH ST. BARBER SHOP.

F. CASSIDAY, Proprietor.

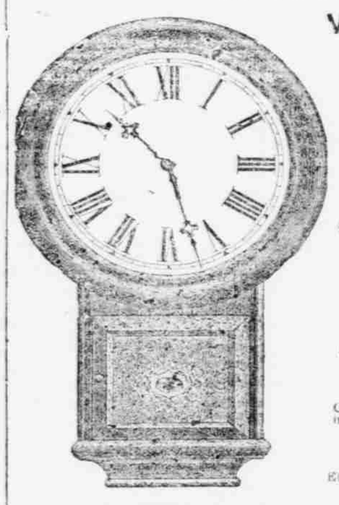
Shop is located one door east of Central Hotel. If you want a smooth shave, a nice shampoo, or a fashionable hair cut give me a call. Always at shop in business hours.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks —JEWELRY.—

Silverware, Musical Instruments —AND— Optical Goods.

Sole Agent —FOR THE— Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

NEW TEA STORE AND BARGAIN STORE

In addition to the noted Bargain Store, I have just received received from a bankrupt sale in the city a full line of Tea, Coffee and Spices which I am offering the public at the following low prices: Good Oolong, 25c., worth 50c. Moeing, 40c., worth 80c. Japan, 50c., worth 80c. Best Breakfast, 60c., worth 85c. Best Young Hyson, 60c., worth 90c. and upward. All guaranteed the very best or money refunded.

COFFEE.—Good Fine Rio only 24 cents. Also better brands up to 33 cents.

CALL AND SEE OUR FINE LINE OF SPICES.—Wilbur's Chocolate, all brands of Baking Powder, French Shoe Dressing, Bengal Bluing and numerous other articles at exceedingly low prices.

For 1 Dollar You Can Get the Following:

Two spools of Silk Twist, (any color) 2 spools Best Thread, 1 Handkerchief, 2 Pencils, 1 Pen, 2 Lead Pencils, 1 bunch Hair Pins, 6 sticks of Chalk, 6 Slate Pencils, 2 Lamp Wicks, 2 Shoe Laces, 14 rows of Pins, 12 sheets Writing Paper, 12 Envelopes, 4 Safety Pins, 1 Funnel, 1 box Stove Blacking, 1 Pie Plate, 1 Pepper Box, 1 Nutmeg Grater and Box, 1 Tin Cup, 1 cake of Toilet Soap, 1 Mouse Trap, 1 Pen Knife, 1 Comb Case, 1 Fine or Bedding Comb, 1 Pudding Pan, 1 Dipper or Tin Cup, 1 Curry Comb, 1 Hammer, 1 Potato Masher, 1 Fine Crochet Needle, and 4 other articles of its own separate value. Also just arrived 3000 MEN'S AND LADIES' COLLARS AT 1 CENT EACH. Rustles, 7c., Embroideries from 6c. up. You can get the very latest Spring Style Derby Hats for 75 cents, selling other places for $1. Men's Heavy Duck Overhals for 38 cents, worth $1.00. A Nice Album for 45 cents. A full line of Dress Goods, Laces, Dry Goods, Towelling, Base Ball Goods, Shirt Bosoms, Dickey Collar and Cuffs, any color, all for 25 cents. No trouble to show goods. Call early and avoid the rush in the evening.

Yours Respectfully,

D. H. C. WARREN,

Bargain Store Next Door to Johnston, & Huck Co.'s Bank, Ebensburg.

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBER WEAR JUST RECEIVED AT R. L. DAVIS' CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Boots for Men and Boys,
Gum Boots for Men and Boys
Ladies' and Misses' Shoes,
Gum Shoes for Ladies and Children
Shoes for Children and Babies,
Shoes to fit Everybody at Lowest Prices

JULIAN ST., EBENSBURG, PA.

WOOL! WOOL!

5,000 pounds of wool wanted. The very highest market price in cash will be paid.

J. H. MULLEN, Hemlock, Pa.

May 17, 1889.-3m.

DR. OLDSHOE, 534 GRANT STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

BONANZA to AGENTS Samples Free. GEO. A. SCOTT, New York.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 7, 1889.

NOTICE.—Persons wanting Extra Copies of this Paper should leave their Orders with us at least one week in advance of publication day.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Hoopoon hay forks cheap at Duffons.'

—Miss Minnie Linton, formerly of this place, is among the missing since the flood.

—Mr. William Fagan and family, of this place are among the saved, but lost everything.

—Evan R. Evans and family, of Woodvale, formerly of Cambria township, are among the lost.

—Miss Jane Pritchard and children are also of the lost. Mrs. Pritchard was a native of Ebensburg.

—Miss Lizzie Linton and her son Ed. are among the saved and came to this place on Sunday evening.

—Up to the time of going to press no trace of H. J. Roberts, wife or son Otis, have been found.

—Professor Leech, of this place, lost his wife and sister who were residents of Johnstown, in the flood.

—Mrs. James Finley, a sister of Mrs. Captain Thomas Davis, of this place, and three children are among the lost.

—It is estimated that Sheriff Stineman, of this place, will loose in the neighborhood of $6,000 by the flood at South Fork.

—The wife of Aaron Davis, of Johnstown, formerly of Carroll township, and two children were lost at Johnstown in Friday's flood.

—Mr. John Dorsey, the well-known tobacco salesman from Philadelphia, was one of the guests rescued from the Hulbert House in Johnstown.

—Augustine McHugh, the well-known Pennsylvania railroad engineer, lost his wife and two children in the flood. They were residents of East Conemaugh.

—Millard Good and family, of Woodvale, are stopping with Morgan Hughes in this place. Mr. Good lost everything he had except what clothing the family had on.

—A one-horse spring wagon for sale at this office.

—Howard J. Roberts, cashier of the First National Bank, of Johnstown, a brother of Jos. T. Roberts, of this place, is among the prominent men missing in the flood.

—Miss Ellen Quinn and John Quinn, brother and sister of Mr. James Quinn, of the firm of Foster & Quinn, are among the lost. He is also a son of Mr. James Quinn.

—Richard D. Davis and wife are stopping with R. L. Davis, of this place. Mr. Davis' fine houses swept away in the flood along with his shop and household possessions.

—The Relief Committee met again on Tuesday night and on Wednesday sent a large amount of coffee, sugar, shoes, soap and provisions to the sufferers at East Conemaugh.

—The reports of hangings, shootings, and riots in Johnstown are now believed to be without any foundation whatever. They got their currency from reporters of the daily papers.

—A four quart ice cream freezer for $1.50 at Duffons'.

—The story of the $3,000,000 indemnity fund filed at Ebensburg by the South Fork Fishing Association is pure fiction. The charter was not obtained in Cambria county, but in Allegheny.

—Mrs. N. J. Roberts and her two daughters, Mrs. Geo. C. Jordan, and Mrs. Joe Hinchman and her two children, all Johnstown sufferers, arrived Tuesday night and are at their uncles, C. T. Roberts.

—John J. Jones, a son-in-law of Mr. Morgan Hughes, of this place, was a resident of the flooded district, his home and goods were badly damaged with water and mud, but the house is still standing.

—A number of our citizens are in Johnstown doing all they can to aid the living and bury the dead. M. D. Kittell, Esq., has been in Johnstown since Saturday and was in charge of the morgue at the Johnstown depot.

—From South Fork to Sang Hollow the railroad is wrecked, in some places entirely obliterated and it will take two weeks before a temporary track can be laid and months before it can be permanently relaid.

—Ex-Sheriff Ryan and family were swept away by the flood and all his family that were at home with the exception of one child perished. Two of his daughters are in a convent away from home and were not in the flood.

—A gentleman who resides on the pike a short distance west of this place, on Tuesday last, in four and a half hours counted 127 vehicles containing 329 persons, 19 persons on horseback and 95 persons on foot, making a total of 943 all going to Johnstown.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—A cradle containing a babe about six months old was taken out of the river at Verona, near Pittsburg, on Saturday last. The little waif was uninjured and smiled contentedly on being taken out, unconscious of its perilous passage down the river.

—Engineer John Hess and Fireman John Plummer were going down the Mountain to Conemaugh when they saw the avalanche of water following them. They ran their engine into East Conemaugh with all speed, blowing the whistle and gave the alarm which enabled many people to escape.

—William Lewis, of Johnstown, and family on Wednesday moved into the old toll house on the Carrolltown road. Mrs. Lewis is a daughter of Mr. Edward Owens, of Cambria township, and the family lost everything they had in the Johnstown flood, the family barely escaping with their lives.

—News of the terrible flood at Johnstown and of the pressing necessities of her people were telephoned from Ebensburg to Carrolltown and Hastings on Saturday and on Saturday evening and night a number of wagons loaded with provisions and necessaries passed through this place on their way to Johnstown.

—Miss Mary Roberts, daughter of Mr. C. T. Roberts, of Ebensburg, returned home from Johnstown on Tuesday evening. Miss Roberts was at the residence of Mr. B. S. Horner in Kernville, on Friday, when the flood came and escaped with other people in the house on to high ground where she was a witness of the terrible scenes of that day.

—The following is a list of the dead from East Conemaugh: Dr. J. C. Wilson and wife and daughter, Mrs. Stephen Robins and babe, Mrs. Leech and daughter, Peter Rubritz and wife, Maggie Rubritz, Mrs. John Keiper and babe, Gen. Constable, Wm. Mills, Solemon Boyer, Mrs. McGough, Eaman McHugh, Gertie McHugh, Mrs. McHugh, John Atkinson, Mrs. Polly McKim, Mrs. Kate Sample, Mrs. Coy and son, Mrs. John Burke, Alexander Corr.

—Steel nails $1.90 per keg at Duffons.'

—The wife of Abe Byers, formerly of Cambria township, is among the lost.

—Hon. John Hannon and his family, who were previously reported lost, are now reported all saved except his eldest daughter.

—The aggregate of flood subscriptions reported in Associated Press dispatches from various sections up to Tuesday night, is $571,000. The aggregate reported Monday night was $405,000.

—Court met on Monday with Judge Johnston on the bench for the purpose of continuing all business. Owing to the death of District Attorney Rose, the Court appointed Hon. John Fenlon as district attorney to look after the interests of the Commonwealth for the time being. All business was continued.

—Among those saved from the flood who were former residents of Ebensburg are the families of Major Robert Litzinger, Thomas Davis, Wm. Fagan, David J. Jones, John M. Brown, Milton Brown, Ras Smith, Harry Kinkead, N. L. Roberts, Lon Mason, Dr. Evans, Dr. Zimmerman, Fred Jones, James Ott, Winfield Reese, Wm. Humphreys; also Steward Kinkead, Charlie Linton, Mrs. Ellen Powell, Miss Gussie Linton, Miss Katie Rowland, Otis Lloyd, Wm. Richardson, Wesley Beylor, Ella Black, Mary Ann Owens, Hannah J. Evans.

—Altoona sent a car load of provisions to this place on Sunday morning for the Johnstown sufferers accompanied by a number of gentlemen who had been appointed as a relief committee. The Altoona *Tribune* says: "The party reached Ebensburg about 10 o'clock with a car load of provisions and were met at the depot by a number of the citizens of Ebensburg. They had telegraphed ahead for conveyances and found them ready. The committee acknowledges themselves specially indebted to ex-Sheriff Blair and Alvin Evans for their successful efforts to secure the teams. It is also proper to state that no money was taken for the use of these teams for the relief stores or for the use of the relief committee. The Ebensburg people positively refused to accept any recompense."

—Mr. Joseph Noel and Thomas Hoover, of Cambria township, arrived in Ebensburg on Sunday. They were on a passenger train that met the flood at Sang Hollow and were taken back to New Florence. They report the scene as frightful, the cries of men, women and children as they were floating past on the wreckage was heartrending. While the train was lying near Sang Hollow the passengers succeeded in rescuing seven persons from the water by throwing in ropes and pulling them to the shore. One man with his wife and family was on a roof going down the stream when a rope was thrown to him, which he caught and held, but when he looked at his little family and seeing that he could save none but himself, dropped the rope and bid the rescuers good bye. Messrs. Hoover and Noel walked from New Florence to Johnstown on Saturday, getting into East Conemaugh on Saturday evening at 5 o'clock. All along the river as they passed, people were on the banks getting bodies out from the debris. At one hole in the river near Nicevah over one hundred bodies had already been taken out and were lying on the bank. After staying all night in East Conemaugh the two gentlemen walked to Ebensburg where their friends, who knew that they intended coming home on that day were anxiously looking for them, and fearing that they might have been on the train that was struck by the flood at Conemaugh.

The Flood at Coalport and Vicinity.

Editor Pennebaker, of the Coalport *Standard*, arrived in Altoona on Monday and reported to the *Tribune* of that city that the Clearfield creek had done an immense amount of damage at Coalport. Five houses were swept away and thirty or forty families compelled to leave their homes and seek places of safety. At Rossbud and Blaine City families also found safety in flight. At Irvona the old Bell's Gap bridge was swept away, as was also the county bridges. There are no county bridges left between Cresson and Irvona except the one at Fallen Timber. At Irvona" not less than ten houses were destroyed by water, but there is no lives reported lost at any of these places. All the county bridges seem to be gone. Fences have been swept away, the growing grain washed out and an incalculable amount of damage has been sustained by the farmers, business men and private citizens.

Fay, Osper & Co., Herman Haupt, F. C. Wagley and A. & C. Noel are all heavy losers. The Irvona Lumber company lost 7,000,000 feet of logs and their mills were also destroyed. Mr. Pennebaker reports the Bell's Gap railroad as clear to Bellwood.

Cambria Iron Company's Losses.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 2.

James McMillan, Vice President of the Cambria Iron Works, was met this afternoon. He is completely unnerved by the terrible disaster. In a conversation he said: "I do not know what our loss is. I cannot even estimate, as I have not the faintest idea what it may be. The upper mill is a total wreck, damaged beyond all repairs. The lower mill is damaged to such an extent that all machinery and buildings are useless.

"The mills will be rebuilt immediately. I have sent out orders that all men that can muster, report at the mill to-morrow to commence cleaning up. I do not think the building is insured against flood. The great thing we want is to get that mill in operation again."

The Gautier Wire Works, which was completely destroyed, will be rebuilt immediately. The works are owned and operated by the Cambria Iron Company. The buildings will be immediately rebuilt and put in operation as soon as possible. The loss at this point is complete. The land on which it stood is to-day as barren and desolate as if it stood in the midst of the Sahara Desert.

The Cambria Iron Company losses its great supply stores at this point. The damage to the stock alone will amount to $50,000. The building was valued at $150,000 and is a total loss. The company office, which adjoins the store, is a handsome structure. It was protected by the first building, but is almost totally destroyed.

The Dartmouth Club, at which employes of the works boarded, was carried away in the flood. It contained many occupants at the time. None were saved.

To Aid the Sufferers.

At a meeting of the citizens of Ebensburg, held at the Court House on Wednesday at one o'clock P. M. for the purpose of organizing committees to secure accommodations for such of the Johnstown sufferers as might arrive in our town, the following business was transacted:

Hon. R. L. Johnston was elected chairman and Jas. G. Hasson was elected secretary.

Alvin Evans, Esq., stated the object of the meeting and on his motion the following gentleman were appointed a committee to canvas the town and country adjoining to secure accommodations for the sufferers.

V. S. Barker, for the district in the East ward, north of High street; Samuel Ludwig, East ward, south of High street; Ed. James, Harry Shoemaker and Fergus Lloyd for the West ward; Griffith Griffith and Geo. Kinkead for Cambria township.

On motion the committee were authorized to solicit funds and to appoint assistants to aid them in their work.

Continued from Second Page.

burning disgrace to humanity. There were two Pittsburgers on the ground at the time of the lynching, but took no part in it.

This afternoon C. L. Dick, ex-Mayor of Johnstown, and several other gentlemen, while patroling that part of the city known as the Point, discovered some Huns looting the houses and robbing the bodies of the dead. The party had no guns with them, but Mr. Dick leveled a revolver at one of the plunderers and shot him dead. He fell into the stream and no further attention was paid to his remains.

One Hun was caught in the act of robbing the body of an old woman, but protested that he had got nothing and was released. He immediately disappeared. It was found that he had taken $100 from the pocket of the corpse.

At 5 o'clock last night a posse of farmers surrounded a gang of 14 Hungarians who were robbing the dead, and succeeded, after a lively battle with clubs and rocks, in driving three of them into the middle of the stream, where they sank beneath the waves to rise no more.

A half-breed negro yesterday and this morning was doing a thriving business in the way of corraling hams, shoulders, chickens and also furniture at the hands of thieves in his employ. Some of them he was paying regular salaries and others were doing the work in consideration of a drink of whisky, a large supply of which the enterprising negro had possessed himself. The authorities stopped this thing very suddenly, but not until quite a few of the people threatened to lynch the half-breed.

A special train of 12 cars, loaded with provisions for the sufferers, has just arrived and is in charge of Captain George Good.

In a talk with Conductor Bell, of the first section of the day express east, laid up at Conemaugh on the night of the disaster, he said: "The first and second sections stopped side by side at Conemaugh Friday afternoon on account of the washout at Lilly. The second was next to the hill, the first on the outside. Suddenly I saw what looked like a wall of water. It was 30 feet high. We barely had time to notify the passengers, and they nearly all fled up the hillside. One old man, who with his son returned for some reason, was drowned. Two cars went down in the current. I do not know how many were drowned. We saw two on top of the cars. The water set fire to a lot of lime, and the fire caught two Pullman cars, which were destroyed, but no person was burned, all the passengers having left the train before the cars caught. There were about 100 persons on my section, which was made up of day coaches. After the mad rush the passengers went back into the cars and later were cared for by the people of Conemaugh; afterward they were taken to Ebensburg. They expected to go east to Altoona this afternoon. Friends of those on the Chicago Limited need feel no anxiety, as it was not in the flood at all."

Partial List of Dead.

George Bowser, Thomas Welsh, Jacob Schaeffer, Mrs K. Dowlin, Edward Kerlin, Joseph Brochis, Frank Benford, George and Eddie Miller, Robby Helder, Thomas Dickson, Dr. Wilson, Assistant postmaster Ogle, Mrs. Emma Briges, Mrs. Lizzie Heiner, Mary Luther, Mike Luther, Alfred C. Baxter, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Tokalasch, Mr. James P. McConaughy, Mrs. Ellen Helder, Mrs. Hettie Wilson, Mrs. Lightenberger, Miss Mary Murphy, Mrs. Mary Frank, Mr. Hines, wife and 10 children, Mrs. Mary E. Dowlin, John Dibert and family of four, Robert Bridges, Minnis Ogle, Mrs Montevernon and two children, George Engelbaugh and ten children, Miss Potts, Albert Moffitt, wife and three children, Mrs. T. W. Kerlin and three children, Scott Saldale and son, James Lichner and wife, Lewis Weincellers and wife, Con Wilson, —— Fitch, Nicholas Ems, Mrs. Stemely, Elline Helder and child, Maggie Fisher, F. Leckey, Jesse Discell, James Topekin, Bobby Briges, Johnny Hays, Charles Ogle, Mrs Joseph E. Meyers, Miss Nannie Elder Miss McConoghey, John Winans, Samuel Lenhart, Charles Thomas, Mary, Holleran, Cora McClarren, Frank and E. Kerlin, Jacob Watss, Miss Oswald, Eliza Delaney, William Fridberger, Mrs. P. Kush, Mrs. Hichin, F. Butler, George Randolph, James Murther, Robert Miller, S. D. Eldridge, Jacob Wald, George Kritzen, Anna Tobs, James Bridges, Miss Marie Lobern, Chas. A. Reis, Duffns Keelan, Mrs. P. Kush, Ida Warner, William J. Williams, Mary Ann Howe, Thomas Davis, John Lumbresely, Christ Craig, C. I. Schubert, David Dichinson, August Hechey, Robert Waldurh, Frank Diamond, P. McAuley, M. L. Davis, Miss Richards, Charles A. Marshall, John Anderson, M. Little, Misses Hamilton, 3, Charles Wilson, John Burns, Mrs. O'Connell, Emlro Tinder, Miss Mary Kane, Mrs. Hebbel, Joseph Miller, Edward Fisher, Francis Kerlin, ——Craig, Mrs. Topekin, Johnny Briges, Mrs. Gertie M. Ogle, Jos. E. Meyers, Mrs. Cyrus Elder, Mr. Eck and family, Mrs. Alexander White, Charles Marshall, Mr. Aubs, John Jones, William Smith, Alexander King, Emma Budges, Mrs. Huff, Thomas Fagan, Mrs. William Kerby, Thomas Hayes, James C. Cox, Harry Barbour, Mrs. W. Jones, Elmer Brinkey, Mrs. Barbour, Emma Kane, Mari Ducrovishi, William Cush, Mrs. John Lobern, Kate Frank, Miss Rose McAnney, Thomas Egan, Mrs. William Kothy, Lewis Siener, Daisy Finnert, George Bowser, A. L. Beler, Nat Stewart, John Hayes, Emma Bridges, Andrew Greyer, Kate Lindhart, C. McNally, John Streiner, Mrs. Deframe, Elder Harrington, John Beems, C. N. Wilson, A. M. Jones, C. B. Butler, John Andrews, Mr. Mc. McCoy, Amos Keller, Charles Thomas, Mr. — —Ambs Mary Holleran, granddaughter of John Cond John Jones Cora McClarren WilliamSmith Frank and Edward Kerlin, Alexander King Jacob Walse Emma Tusedera Miss Oswald Emma Bridges Eliza Delaney George and Eddie Miller, Mr. and Mrs. John Tokatsch Mrs. Huff William Fridberger Ida Warner Lewis Siener William J. Williams Daisy Finnert Mary Ann Howe George Bowser Thomas Davis, the famous tavern keeper known as "California Tom;" A. L. Beter John Lumbresky Wat. Stewart Christ Craig, a child of John Hays C. T. Schubert Emma Bridges David Dickinson Andrew Greger August Hickey Kate Frank Charles A. Keis James Lightner and wife Justice of the Peace Edward O'Neill's baby Louis Winesellier and wife Miss Rose McAnaney Mrs. James P. McConaughy Caffney Keelan Thomas Fagan Mrs. P. Kush Mrs. William Kirby Mrs. Hitchin Thomas, son of Michael Hayes Emkane George Kritzen Marie Durovski and her daughter, Anna Toka William Kush James Bridges Mrs. John Lobern and Miss Marie Lobern F. Butler James G. Cox.

—If any of our readers are in need of artistic and substantial cemetery work, made from the best qualities of marble and granite, they will do well to call on J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers in this place, where they will find a nice stock to select from, or send them word and they will visit you with a large selection of new and original designs, they guarantee all their work and if their work is not as represented they will not ask you to take it, they are prepared to fill all orders at home and abroad at prices that defy competition. Give them a trial. A 5 6m.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

Whiskey Kills.

How often are we yet to be told that whiskey kills? Arsenic kill; opium kills, and so do hundreds of other good remedies kill if *abused* instead of *used*. But ask the question, "Will whiskey cure?" "Yes!" is the positive reply of the most eminent physicians of all the land. Disease steals into your system like a sneak thief into your house, and often by neglecting a bad cold, we end our days in lingering, and wishing for health—when, indeed, *one* bottle of *Pure Whiskey* or *Brandy* would have cured the cold. Such goods may be scarce, but they *can be* found at Max Kleins, 82 Federal street, Allegheny. His "Silver Age" is the only whisky endorsed by the doctors. You can get the pure Guckenheimer. Finch or Gibson Rye at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. Send for price list.

For Thirty Years

I have been troubled with catarrh—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist here recommended Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. My catarrh was chronic and very bad. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathewson, (Lawyer). Pawtucket, R. I.

I was troubled with catarrh in my head to an annoying extent for three years. After using one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm I was entirely cured.—W. J. Cline, Victor, N. Y.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Fetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TO THE DEMOCRACY OF CAMBRIA COUNTY. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Register and Recorder at the ensuing Democratic Primary. CELESTINE J. BLAIR.

Ebensburg, March 20, 1889.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

E. J. O'CONNOR, of Johnstown, Penn'a. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Primary Election.

Ebensburg, Pa., May 2, 1889.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

To the Democratic voters of Cambria county. I announce myself as a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

DONALD E. DUFTON.

Ebensburg, April 29, 1889.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

James M. Walters of Johnstown, Pa. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries.

Ebensburg March 15, 1889.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

To the Democratic voters of Cambria county. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries

JAMES C. BARRY.

Conemaugh Bor., First ward, March 25, 1889.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

To the Democratic voters of Cambria county. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to the action of the ensuing Democratic Primary election.

EUGENE C. MILLER.

Conemaugh Bor., May 10, 1889.

FOR DOOR DIRECTOR.

The name of Rauhiel Hite of Carroll township is hereby announced as a candidate for the position for Door Director subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

Ebensburg, May 8, 1889.

NOTICE.—Having purchased the property, goods, claims, accounts, etc., of the Loretto Merchandising Company, I hereby give notice to all indebted to the company to make payment without delay. The business will be conducted in the future by the undersigned with a large stock of goods who respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. JOHN F. WILLS.

Loretto, Pa., May 31, 1889.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of S. M. Kerr, late of Wilmore borough, Cambria county, Pa., deceased have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN ITEL, Adm'r.

Wilmore, May 24, 1889.-6t.

EXECUTOR NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Mrs. Ann Davis, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been granted me by the Register of Cambria county, Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment to me, and those having claims against the said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement. RICHARD L. DAVIS.

Executor of Mrs. Ann Davis.

Ebensburg, April 12, 1889.

FARM FOR SALE—There will be disposed of at private sale, a farm situate in Allegheny township, one-fourth mile from Loretto, on the road leading from said place to Ebensburg. This farm contains about 80 acres, about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a new two-story frame house and barn, fine orchard, etc., and is in a good state of cultivation and well watered. For further particulars address

FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Loretto, Pa.

Loretto, Feb. 1, 1889.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of James McGarity, late of Washington township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against said estate are notified to make payment to me without delay; and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to

ANNA McGARITY, Administratrix of James McGarity, dec'd.

Cresson, April 26, 1889.—6t.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

Election Proclamation.

GOD SAVE THE COMONWEALTH.

IN OBEDIENCE TO THE REQUIREMENTS of the eighteenth article of the Constitution and in compliance with the provisions of an act of the General Assembly, entitled, "An act prescribing the time and manner of submitting to the people for their approval and ratification, or rejection, proposed amendments to the Constitution," approved the eighth day of March, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, as well as in obedience to a writ issued in pursuance thereof and to me directed by James A. Beaver, Governor of the said Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the Great Seal of the State at Harrisburg, the 15th day of April, A. D. 1889, it is made the duty of the Sheriff of every county within this Commonwealth to give notice of said election in the usual manner.—Therefore, I, J. C. Stineman, High sheriff of the County of Cambria, do hereby make known and give this public notice to the electors of the county of Cambria, that on

TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1889,

an election will be held in each of the townships, boroughs, wards, precincts and districts therein established by law in said county, for the purpose of deciding upon the approval and ratification or rejection of said amendments, or either of them, as published by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, which said election shall be opened and held and conducted on the day last aforesaid, at the places and within the hours at and within which the general elections of this Commonwealth are directed to be opened, held and closed. And it shall be the duty of the Judges, Inspectors and clerks of each of the said townships, boroughs, wards, precincts and districts to receive at the said election separate tickets, either written or printed, or partly written and partly printed, from each of the voters qualified of the county who may offer the same and deposit them in a box or boxes to be for this purpose, provided by the proper officers, which ticket shall be printed or written or partly printed and partly written on the outside "Prohibitory Amendment to the Constitution," and on the inside, "for the Prohibitory Amendment," or "against the Prohibitory Amendment." And which ticket shall be endorsed on the outside, "Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution," and on inside "for the Suffrage Amendment," or "against the Suffrage Amendment."

"The election on the said amendments shall in all respects be conducted in the same manner as the general elections in this Commonwealth, are required by law to be conducted, and the returns thereof shall be made, certified and returned by the election officers of their respective districts in the same manner and at the same time as the returns of the general election."

The said elections shall be held throughout the county as follows:

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ashville, to meet in the house of D. G. Myers, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Allegheny, to meet in Bradley's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Barr, to meet at school house No. 11, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Blacklick, to meet at the house on the property of Simon Adams, in the village of Belsano.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Cambria, to meet at the office of Abel Lloyd at Lloyd Springs Hotel, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Cambria, to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the school house in said ward; 2d ward, at the borough house in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Carroll, to meet at house of John Flick, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Carrolltown, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Chest, to meet at school house No. 9 in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Clearfield, to meet at the house of Jacob Wagner in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Clearfield to meet at school house No. 2 adjoining the village of St. Augustine, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Conemaugh, to meet at the school house at Singer's in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Conemaugh, to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the house of Peter Mylzie in said ward; 2d ward, at the house of John Swartzman, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Cooperdale, to meet at school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Croyle, to meet at the office of Jos. T. Long, in the village of Summerhill, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Dean, to meet at Richland's school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of East Conemaugh, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ebensburg, to meet as follows: East ward, at the office of Richard Jones, Jr., in said ward; West ward, in Council room, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Elder, to meet at the school house in the village of St. Boniface, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Franklin, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of South Fork, to meet at school house No. 2, of said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Gallitzin, to meet at school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Gallitzin, to meet at the Mount.in school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Grubtown, to meet at the public school building in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Jackson, to meet in the house of Henry Hager, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Johnstown, to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the office formerly occupied by Rose & Walters, Market square; 2nd ward, at the office of J. S. Little, Esq., on Market street in said ward; 3rd ward, to meet at the Mansion house, corner of Franklin and Broad streets, in said ward; 4th ward, in school house in said ward; 5th ward, at the house of August Wiland, in said ward; 6th ward, at the Johnstown pottery in said ward; 7th ward at the office of S. W. Miller in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Lilly, to meet at the house of Gephart Bender in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Loretto, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Munster, to meet at the ware house of Augustine Durbin, deceased, in the village of Munster in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Millville, to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the lock-up; 2nd ward, at the hose carriage house in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Prospect, to meet at Council Chamber in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Portage, to meet at the school house near the village of Portage in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Read, to meet at the tin shop of Abraham Cornelius, in the village of Glasgow in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Richland, to meet at the house of Joseph Geis in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Stonycreek, to meet at Jacoby's school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Summerhill, to meet at school house No. 4 in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Susquehanna, to meet at the house of Michael Platt in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of West Taylor, to meet at the school house near John Blough's in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of East Taylor, to meet at the house of Peter Rhodes, near the Hendrick's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Tunnelhill, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Woodvale, to meet at Council Chamber in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Wilmore, to meet at the Council Chamber in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Washington, No. 1 to meet at school house No. 3 in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Washington No. 2, to meet at school house No. 5 on the pike leading from Cresson to Summit.

The electors of the district composed of the township White, to meet at the small store house of John O. Gates in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Yoder to meet as follows: First division at school house No. 3 in said township; second division at Beam's school house in said township.

SPECIAL ATTENTION.

SEC. 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications shall be entitled to vote at all elections.

1st. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

2nd. He shall have resided in the State at least one year (or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State he shall have removed therefrom and returned with-in six months) immediately preceding the election.

3rd. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

4th. If twenty-one years of age or upward, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

SEC. 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot. Every ballot voted shall be numbered in the order in which it shall be received, and the number recorded by the election officers on the list of voters, opposite the name of the elector who presented the ballots. Any elector may write his name upon his ticket, or cause his name to be written thereon, and attested by a citizen of the district. The election officers shall be sworn or affirmed not to disclose how any elector shall have voted unless required to do so as a witness in judicial proceeding.

SEC. 5. Electors shall in all cases except treason, felony and breach of surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance on election, and in going to and returning therefrom.

SEC. 6. Whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in active military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States, or by authority from this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens, under such regulations as are or shall be prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual place of election.

SEC. 7. All the laws regulating the holding of elections by the citizens for the regulation of electors shall be uniform throughout the State but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered.

SEC. 8. Any person who shall give or promise to give any elector any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at any election, or for withholding the same, or who shall give or promise to give such consideration to any other person or party for such elector's vote or for the withholding thereof, and any elector who shall receive or agree to receive for himself or another, any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote shall at any election, or for withholding the same, thereby forfeits the right to vote at such elections; and an elector whose right to vote shall be challenged for such cause before the election officers shall be required to swear or affirm that the matter of the challenge is untrue before his vote shall be received.

SEC. 9. Any person who shall while a candidate for office be guilty of bribery, fraud or wilful violation or any election laws shall be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit within this Commonwealth, and any person convicted of wilful violation of any election law shall, in addition to any penalties provided by law, be deprived of the right of suffrage absolutely for a term of four years.

SEC. 10. For the purpose of voting no person shall be deemed to have gained a residence by reason of his presence, or lost it by reason of his absence, while employed in the service, either civil or military of this State or of the United States, or on high seas, nor while a student at any institution of learning, nor while kept in a poor house or other asylum at public expense, nor while confined in public prison.

SEC. 14. District election boards shall consist of a judge and two inspectors, who shall be chosen annually by the citizens. Each elector shall have a right to vote for one judge and one inspector, and each inspector shall appoint the clerk. The first election board of any new district shall be selected and vacancies in election boards filled as shall be provided by law. Election officers shall be privileged from arrest upon day of election and while engaged in making up and transmitting returns, except upon warrant of a court of record or judge thereof, for an election, felony or for wanton breach of peace. In cities they may claim exemption from jury duty during their terms of service.

SEC. 15. No person shall be qualified to serve as an election officer who shall hold or who shall have held an office or appointment of employment in or under the government of the United States, or of this State, or any city or county, or any municipal board, commission or trust in any city, save only justices of the peace, and aldermen, notaries public and persons in the military service of the State; nor shall any election officer be eligible to any civil office to be filled at an election at which he shall serve, save to such subordinate municipal or local offices, below the grade of city or county officer, as shall be designated by law.

And also the following Acts of Assembly now in force in this State, viz:

ACT OF JANUARY 30, 1874.

SEC. 4. That all elections hereafter held under the laws of the Commonwealth, the polls shall be opened at 7 o'clock A. M. and close at 7 o'clock P. M.

SEC. 8. Whenever there shall be a vacancy in the election board by reason of the failure of the said vacancy shall be filled in conformity with existing laws.

That an Act of Assembly entitled "an Act relating to the elections of this Commonwealth," passed July 2, 1876, provides as follows, to wit:

That the inspectors and judges shall meet at the respective place appointed for holding the election in the district to which they respectively belong, before 6 o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, June 18th and each said inspector shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

In case the persons who shall have received the second highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend on the day of an election then the person who shall have received the next highest number of votes for judge the next preceding election, shall act as inspector in his place. And in case the person who shall have received the highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend, the person elected judge shall appoint an inspector for the occasion. And in case the person elected judge should not attend, then the inspector who shall have received the highest number of votes, shall appoint a judge in his place, and if any vacancy shall continue in the board for the space of one hour after the time fixed by the law for the opening of the election, the qualified voters of the township, ward or district for which such officers have been elected shall elect some one of their number to fill the vacancy.

Given under my hand at my office in Ebensburg this 20th day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine and the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirteenth.

J. C. STINEMAN, Sheriff.

TRIAL LIST.

JUNE TERM.

FIRST WEEK.

Abernathy ..... vs. Benn.
Stiles ..... vs. Bennett.
Smucker & Co. ..... vs. Leahey.

SECOND WEEK.

Clark ..... vs. Zimmerman.
Ellis ..... vs. Greenwood.
Weaver ..... vs. Bren

Savages Who Cannot Produce Fire.

It is not often that explorers discover savage people who are ignorant of the art of producing fire. As far as is known, fire has been a necessity even among the rudest savages for many centuries, and it always excites wonder when we hear at rare intervals of people who, while enjoying the blessings of fire, express themselves as wholly ignorant of the methods of producing it, and who imagine that if by some calamity all their fires were extinguished they could never rekindle them.

Such a tribe has recently been met by Dr. Finsch during his travels in New Guinea. He says the people in the large villages that are buried in the forests along the shores of Astrolabe Bay know of no means by which they can produce fire. It is therefore a duty devolving upon every member of the community to aid in preserving fire. All their cooking is done outside their huts in the open air, but in the centre of each hut is a fireplace, and it is a crime to permit the fire to go out. They use hard wood that burns very slowly, and their aim is to keep a good bed of coals on which the wood burns without bursting into flame.

Dr. Finsch asked the natives if they never lost their fire. He was told that such a calamity had occurred, and that they would never have had fire again if it had not been for a very fortunate circumstance. They know a tribe in the mountains away from the sea who possess the art of making fire, which they guard as a secret. One time the people were compelled to go to these fire-makers for the spark that would rekindle the dead embers in their huts. They carried the fire for many miles. They were determined never again to be reduced to this necessity, though it made them feel very comfortable to think that they knew where they could get fresh fire if they lost their own.

It is to be presumed that these simple minded natives have now ceased to guard the smouldering embers in their huts with such jealous care. A white man has been among them, one of the sort who brings blessings instead of evils in his train, and they know now that even if they never see a white man and the wonderful little fire sticks he carried with him again, they can, with the aid of friction and tinder, be their own firemakers.

A Powerful War Ship.

The largest and most powerful war vessel now building for the United States Navy is the armored battle ship Maine. Her dimensions are: Length, 310 feet; extreme breadth, 57 feet mean draught 21 feet 6 inches. The "displacement" of the Maine will be 6648 tons, and her mean indicated horse power designated at 9000. She will be propelled by twin screws, the engines being of the vertical, triple-expansion type. The thickness of her armor will be 11 inches.

The battery of the Maine will consist of four ten inch breech-loading rifles and six six-inch breech-loading rifles, besides which she will carry a secondary battery, made up of rapid-firing guns, Hotchkiss revolving cannon and Gattlings. With a speed of from nineteen to twenty knots per hour and armed with one of the most effective types of guns in the world she will be, when completed, one of the most powerful war ships afloat.

The Baltimore and Newark cruisers are 315 feet in length, but they cannot be compared with the Maine as fighting ships. The armored battle ship Texas will carry two twelve-inch rifles, but in her whole makeup she is not as strong as the Maine. The coast defence vessel will carry the heaviest gun afloat, but in dimensions she is not as large as the Maine.

A Woman's View of Women.

The best educated woman will best understand the limits of her own powers; the girl who can really earn her own living in a manner suited to her sex will not desire work for which she is unfit; and the woman who most thoroughly understands what the term "politics" implies, will be the last to aspire to a direct share in the government of the State, even though she may think herself and her sisters not unworthy of a voice in the choice of their rulers. "There is a great deal of human nature about," even in women, and you will never succeed in cutting them all to one pattern. Voters or no voters, Penelope will embroider, Nausicaa entertain her guests, Andromache nurse her baby, Helen will flirt, Aspasia teach eloquence and guide statesmen to the end of the chapter. And Cassandra? Oh, Cassandra will prophesy. We fear that she will be as little heeded as she was in the days of yore, and we hope that her forebodings will be less true than those which spoke the doom of Troy.

Indian Palki Bearers.

Before railroads were built in India, the ordinary mode of rapid traveling was by the palki, which was borne on the shoulders of four natives. The speed and endurance of the professional palki bearers are really remarkable. An English traveler of only a few years ago thus describes a journey which he made in Bengal:

"By half-past four in the afternoon was at the entrance of the Patna bazaar, nine miles in length, and thirty-three miles from Barh. Thus they had brought me at an average rate of over four miles an hour, including a stoppage of over half an hour for their midday meal. It is true I was a light weight; but I once, with a friend, tried to carry an empty palki, and found it so galling to the shoulder that I could not get beyond a few yards, while these men, who lived on little else than rice, could carry a loaded one over forty miles, at the rate mentioned above."

A DISCUSSION arose between the conductor and the driver in a Boston horse-car. It grew exciting, but at last the conductor, turning to go to his end of the vehicle, said in a withering manner: "You have only personality; I have individuality."

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SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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